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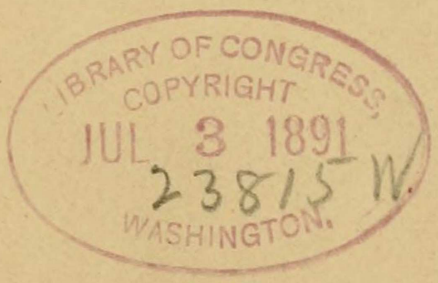
Yours Truly
W. Palmer Hoxie.

FROM WITHIN

BY

WALTER PALMER HOXIE



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TO

HELEN

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I

Days as they Pass

Day full-blown and splendid—
The night follows close with sleep and restoring
darkness.—WALT WHITMAN.

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heaven
To Earth invert you like an empty Cup.

—"Rubáiyát"—OMAR KHAYYÁM.

I

Days as They Pass

If through ignorance we consider that our life is hourly robbed by the treasures of time we love to hold, *we* are robbing both time and ourselves.

With the gentle dawn there comes to every man many simple achievements and bright possibilities. If he is aware of their presence (and they are presences) he grows hourly fuller of attractive impulse in that day.

Your chamber may look upon a garden, a mountain, or perhaps a busy town street. Throw open the shutters—the morning sun is awaiting you. Magic lurks in each emblem of the risen day; rise

with it to the glory of your own strength. In the hours of that day yet unborn, much will be demanded of you—demands you cannot escape. Awake!

Arouse thy comprehension and fling to the four star jeweled winds of the morning all thoughts—all sense of limitation. You are strong in the power of unlimited desire, qualification and virile aspiration. Let the mind be nude. Here, then, *begins* your day; shall we say with the sun? No; that is not a beginning. The sun has for ages been seeking you out, as it has sought the mole, the gleaming lizard and the flowers.

Below in the field is a garden; you look down upon it, but before you opened your casement the flowers were looking up at you.

All nature has a divine claim upon us we cannot escape. It is the claim of charity, friendship, love and lust.

The sun, the flowers and the mountain breeze bring to your lattice a requisition of *love*. They bring to you an emotional and sensual pain; the thrill of all that is necessary and desirable.

But think you these only are hymenial communicators?

The city street with its throng of early workers is to deliver the same message. Oft have I watched these signs set in the landscape for us, and marked their language. It is a common voice a joyous medium bringing occult messages and answers to any listening heart awaiting within its own solitude replies from the inevitable.

Your yearning soon shall cease, and forever. Changed will be that desired end your heart had set upon as indispensable. You will find the morning hints at recompense meet for all that day.

As you look at the mountains, the garden or the street your heart dwells on "*the little word.*"

And you say: "it is morning!"

Know you not the morning and the day are in your hands; to do with—to make perfect as you will?

Your heart speaks, for it alone is worthy to voice the will-o-the-whisps and vanished dreams—dreams dearer to memory. The enchantment, the kiss, trouble-dispelling dream, awakes from deception.

Assume thy boldest course, oh, heart! the world hath need of thee.

You would tremble and smile and press your hands to your forehead did you know *all*, breathing the breath of the flowers and the sunlight as an elixir to drown everything your senses feel, save the morning draughts of sunlight. I see you turn hastily, leaving the window lattice swinging in the wind.

You don a light robe carelessly, forgetful of your naked beauty.

The smile does not leave your lips as you hurry below to the garden (or the street).

'Midst the flowers, you bend your face to them and pluck them, but you *realize* neither their beauty or their perfume.

You are aware only that it is *morning!* The garden fence is broken down, limitation has ceased,

the mountains recede into the clouds, it is as if the great sea had gathered them.

The garden has become the WORLD to you; you stand speechless looking toward the eastern horizon.

Only the pain of conscious waiting is with you coming from the Orient.

You have entered Paradise and know it not, you stand within the Kingdom.

Do not tremble, do not be ashamed though your plaited robe falls to your feet and you stand naked in the Kingdom of God.

Yes, you heard a voice, the soft, sighing human voice.

It is for *you* standing in the garden to call forth its divinity.

I see your eyes glisten and weep, you stretch forth your hand, I

feel the kiss upon his white and beautiful brow.

Passing down the crowded morning street it is the same.

You gather flowers from the faces of all you meet, from the faces of the old and young ; from the faces of men and women, youths and maidens, till your hands are quite full.

These flowers are the jewels of righteous thought, it is for you to set in the crown of the world, in the hours of the days as they pass.

You speak to many of the street as you go ; you give and they take, but he who kissed you in the garden will return all.

That kiss is burning on your lips. It fires into life the words you utter. They become jewels aflame and die not. Now are

the achievements of all that day possible to you. Suffer for suffering is not vain. You have stepped higher than the street, higher than the tree tops. Now, all to whom you speak will be lifted up.

The sun slants ablaze; you feel that the morning is passing.

You notice that the zenith sends down no burning noon rays, such as you have known before, yet at the corner of a street where there is no shade you see a woman fall prostrate.

In the twinkling of an eye you are by her side but she sees you not, for her eyes are closed with weariness and her heart is filled with pain.

You wonder at the prostrate form and say as you look, "There is little heat!"

"She is struck, the heat has killed her!" one of the throng makes answer, as men and women gather about.

A cold, wondrous smile passes over your face and leaves it radiant. You put forth your hands as you did to him of the garden, and lo, the flowers you held have turned to limped drops of new and living water. You are *still* within the Kingdom, and the sufferer upon the pavement is sustained, nourished, comforted and drawn within the Kingdom too. She rises, knowing nothing. But what you have given never can be taken from her.

As she slowly withdraws around the corner and passes down a side street, you notice all the children of that throng, happier, laughing

merrily, tossing their hands in the air, go running after her.

Your labor of the morning is done—the sun has passed the Throne and the cool of the evening comes on. All you have read and pondered is as naught.

Again you stand beneath the trees of golden shade. The ripe fruit hangs temptingly. You reach up for it, eat, endeavoring to slake your thirst. But at the first taste a fire fills your blood, your lips burn, your brow becomes cold, and you throw yourself deep in the grasses longing once more for that human kiss.

You cry: "How long must I suffer?"

While the butterflies, the birds and the breeze bring only mocking sounds to your ears.

The taste of the golden fruit, for the moment, is dulled and bitter as wormwood.

You cry again in agony: "Oh! that the day would pass and the night come that I may rest in dreams."

A voice out of the garden replies:

"There is but one dream."

You fearfully whisper (with eyes still closed): "What *is* that dream?"

And the voice answers: "It is LIFE, and the days that pass form the walled habitation of that dream."

When you looked up from your couch of grass you thought to meet the gaze of him who had kissed you.

But no, he who stands there has empty hands, and an humble

face with eyes of sorrow, but beautiful with all, as sorrow is beautiful to the human heart.

Pity steals into your bosom and glimmers in your eyes.

You say: "Sit beside me, here, on the grass." (Your robe has fallen from about you, but you are not ashamed). As he sits you see that his brow is bleeding as if from the wound of thorns. He does not speak, but looks into your pitying eyes, as he looks the dull pain leaves his own.

You say: "The world has used you ill, you are comfortless."

He draws nearer and about you as he replies: "I *was* comfortless."

You do not speak and your eyes close. You have forgotten the *other* who kissed you, and he who

now embraces you is as sexless. "I was comfortless," whispers the stranger, close. "The heavens seemed gray always and the earth of stone. Oft did I try to find a little softened earth and make a garden there, but even as I worked and planted seed, men rushed by ruthlessly, trampling the earth and crushing the seed.

"Though wedded to one most lovely I have no offspring in the world. Childless I pass my days, youth remains not and age is cold, barren and even more pitiless than men. I entered this garden famishing, weary and feverish with thirst. Let me eat of the golden fruit and moisten my parched lips."

As he parts an orange you gaze wonderingly, lovingly upon him, then taking a piece from his

hand you eat while he eats—*and lo, it is sweet.*

While you eat and the fever leaves the lips of the stranger (a stranger no longer), you see the *other* (he whose forehead you kissed) pass 'mid the tall flowers on the other side—he is smiling; your kiss is still upon his brow—you are content.

The stranger seeks in your eyes tranquil promises of Paradise and the Kingdom. You read his beautiful thoughts and they grow into your own—wedded blissfully. He does not ask you to go with him through the world—or into the street among the throng—but even there you will be together—for already he has taken unto himself your heart, your lips.

The cool dewy night is come—a day has passed.

You stand at your casement as the moon slowly rises over the mountains, the gardens and the streets.

Memory is with you. But memory holds the priceless pearls of achievement, desire and pleasure:—knowledge to do and to speak silently from day to day—the passing, yet abiding *thoughts* woven throughout the meshes of eternity. Nothing lost—*all* gained for the coming morrow; nothing suffered—but *lived* for the peace to come.

The moonlight brings to you a numberless throng from the mountains, from the gardens, from the street; a throng of lovely beings. They press to you and shower you with caresses soft as

rays. You look toward the stars and see them all. The ecstacy of all music comes up to your lattice, and your awakened voice joins the invisible chorus out of the past. It is as if a new world had come with the music out of the old. The exquisite sensations of intrinsic wholeness, smother like an ether in your spontaneous utterances. The light of the world burns out. Glorified, you turn from the moonlit window and seek your couch. The *true* lover is beside you, and you whisper into the ear of love:

"The day has passed."
Love answers: "To-morrow."

II

The Ideal

The Perfection of the Human Race born in the Image of its Maker is the Ideal of God.

W. P. H.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

—"Rubáiyát"—OMAR KHÁYYÁM.

II

The Ideal

In days of practical politics, agnosticism and superficial skepticism regarding all literature, science and art, is it not well to occasionally step aside from the controversy of things as they appear, and dwell upon the truer, idealistic tendencies of all times and all nations.

Philosophy endeavors to teach that each individual of the human race is occupied by a certain striving to attain.

No matter how limited one's knowledge of philosophy, or how meagre his recognized abilities and chances of success, every man is conscious of an invisible beauty it is his mission to bring to light.

What is the Ideal?

It is the unseen, yet visible; the "not yet" though attainable; the encompassing, omnipresent, tangible GOOD toward which the eye of the heart and intellect forever turns in all vicissitudes and experiences, for the heart and the intellect are ever conscious of it.

There are solid lines of Ideality impregnating our every act.

The miracle of daily living is the ideal perfection of all the mind regards as occult and mysterious.

The unrecognized Unseen is forever the *idea* of the visible, yet behind the spiritual impulse of beauty there exists a semi-perceivable, impersonal Ideality.

Facts are Ideal.

In all generous endeavor, in the self-sacrificing act of benefi-

cence, in study and research, in worthy statemanship, in poetical effusion and melody of all harmonious sound and color—the Ideal is the only *true* representative, and as such becomes our sure guide, assumes dictatorship, and alone can lead us to the inevitable fruition of success.

Nature is but a picture of man's conception of Ideality.

The soft flow of a violet-lipped stream, 'though it gushes from the earth under our feet is a materialization of something *in* us which our consciousness brings to life, and which we of ourselves would gladly give to beautify the earth, but, in our incompleteness, not knowing how, we picture the ideal flower-locked stream, and find in our intuitively awakened imagination all its represented beauty.

In this sense man is a creator of the universe about him.

The soul is a colorist of sentiments and aspirations,—that which we call "the beautiful," "the perfect," "the harmonious," is the reflection of the soul's perception. Our lives are lived in an impersonal world of Idealty,—whether the eyes be alive "to see" matters not. The change called Death is man's highest realization of life's Ideal.

Yet why are we mystified?

The glories of an artist's conception are always intangible to the world, but never to him who saw and realized their wonder in the land of dreams.

Why need we blindly wait till the inspired thought of ourselves or of others becomes manifest to the physical senses?

Is it not enough to *intuitively* feel with accurate vision that the Real and Ideal exist like an inspired fancy not yet breathed forth through the spoken word into corporeal image?

Great lives are often lost to us by our non-recognition of the principles of Idealty—distorted or hidden by a world's conventionality, false standpoints and destroying prejudices.

The Perfection of the Human Race born in the Image of its Maker is the Ideal of God. It expresses the omnipotence, virility, wisdom, patience, and omnipresent love of the Creator by that shining through which is the light of the eye—the music of the voice—the aspiration of the individual soul. Yet the prison-shell in which we live—tor-

mented by the inevitable fears and follies of necessary growth—hides rather than reveals this divine Ideal of man.

This higher world, the atmosphere and effluvia of which is Truth —must be made known to us through the awakened intuition, for the intuitive faculty is the *only* faculty that is truly receptive.

Does not the painted canvas misinterpret rather than disclose the artist's idea? If not, whence his disappointment? From what emotion wells those tears which seemingly dilute his colors till he sees but a faint blush, an ephemeral shadow cast by his soul's grand conception, in place of the dream's reality?

Man in his *true* desire clings to the ideal substance—not to van-

ishing form. In vulgar practice, however, he ignores the ideal he is unconsciously seeking, and retards the fulfilment of promising ambition or awakened aspiration. Particularly is this true in the political and religious life of the individual or nation.

To one who lives in the ideal perception of righteousness there can be no possible controversy regarding the creeds, faith and religious prejudices of either individuals or nations.

Why is the remembered perfume of a flower (associated with reminiscences forever inseparable from it) more delightful and subtle than the scent breathed into our nostrils by the touchable, colorful, perishable calyx and petals?

Yet, so it is.

The chemical process of disintegration leaves something after it the world has not the power to lose. It is the realization of our Ideals.

The thoughts—the deeds of great men give to the world the ideal of those lives in new virility when the act and triumph have become forgotten history.

All the achievements of heroism and art have but one recompense, one fruition, one possible influence—the leading and persuading of humanity beyond the world's confines of clay and sunshine nearer to the world's IDEAL manifestation of all that is desirable for the human race.

Our never-to-be-forgotten dead are *still* the ideals of the lives we knew, for the misrepresentation

which claimed our attention and devotion for a while has passed as naught, and we remember, confer and mingle with the intrinsic being we once called friend.

Much that in ignorance we might look upon as lost is brought nearer to us by that inevitable change of growth, which gives our being unfettered carriage into the realms of our ideality.

Let us pass through violet-scented woods on a summer morning and be glad. Our feet press a carpet of dew-bejewelled grass and moss. Trees spring up about us wearing the majesty of years beside which the glory of a crown seems impotent. The inverted bowl of heaven becomes a paradise for eagles and the unseen powers of the air. Suddenly we become one

with that life of nature, breathing, palpitating, living nature in the effluvia of which we find our being. The stream, the morning's redolent atmosphere, the specks of life still reaching skyward against the zenith of our vision, the united song of a thousand swelling throats lay claim to us, speak if we but listen and in an eternal voice coherently describe the coming change—the desired and desirable Inevitable.

The frozen air, the withered petals, the grave of violets under seared oak leaves and fern, the sky black with storm clouds, the groaning boughs stretching requiem limbs into a forest of death, holding in their hands chilled habitations whence the life hath fled, all tell us that the appearance is altered, the unseen slumbers that the seen may

again live in the golden refulgence of another summer.

But during the interim the Ideal of Nature's summer lives, and we may feel her breath if we close our eyes and let memory soothe us with the caresses of other days.

In the fundamental laws of art we find the same principles of Ideality, for Art brings into actual breathing life the unknown realities within and about us.

Music is but the voice of our ideals brought from the silence into sound.

Friendship but the life of gratitude speaking through the ideal of one made known to us.

Love but the infinite breath which holds us as the ether its worlds, in a realm where the laws

are not of our own making, but tangible ideal harmony, wherein the soul forgets its manifested clay.

PASSION but the willing sense of ideal desire, in the morning when the rose-tree yearns to flower, and the vine uplifts its head to crown the life with fruit.

In all, *over* all and *through* all is that perfection the Human Soul holds as its dream of Immortality—the Ideal sought and won through the development of art, friendship, love and passion till keen desire finds its life in aspiration and grateful oblivion becomes but a memory of transitory struggles overcome.

III

Books

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

WORDSWORTH.

III

Books

Gather together the best thoughts of the best intellects and you have an open highway leading to the font of true wisdom.

And true wisdom is that which teaches us something of ourselves.

When you read comprehensively you are listening to your own voice.

A book is a unique representative of the world—of ourselves; there can come to us from it, from the lines and pages constructed in thought-sequence, only that which we have first given to it.

It is a promise held out to us, the fulfilling of which is our under-

standing. A volume containing the thoughts of another man is to me like a mountain path. Long have I viewed the mountain from afar—a thing of majesty against the beauty of blue ether, it stands haloed by moonlight and crowned with living clouds. The path, I know, leads upward, made musical by flowing brooks and midsummer's madness of song and verdure.

I now *enter into* the pathway and find my dreams and speculations regarding it realities, leading me to heights unscaled before, where vista upon vista of magnitude and the details of space-perfection are stretched before me. From the first boulder or promontory which lifts me up and allows me further sight, I gain the *reality* of all my preconceived ideas and a partial

realization of what the mountain top has in store for me.

Once having gained the highest peak, where eagles live in eyries of the air, I am conscious of anterior experience pregnating the present event and robbing it of all novelty, for my soul has always and will forever look out upon the universe from the highest summits to which, eagle-like, it can attain.

A book leads me along the literal pathway of realities wherein my soul has wandered oft, and joyfully.

I peruse its cover and feel its beauty as the mountain path first leaves the level of the plain and gradually inclines upward to the disclosing volume within.

Much knowledge may be gained from an appreciation of the book-

binders' art and what it produces as well as from the author's inspiration.

The cover of delicate tint, artistic design and unique workmanship has its influence, and often persuades us that the price asked is not too much—perhaps, indeed, *too little*—even before the subject or its treatment is made known to us.

So much for the personality of a book: its exterior beauty.

The pasteboard, ink and paper express thought, consequently a soul. A well-*made* library is a boquet no less fragrant than garden or field flowers.

Commence your reading of a book by conscientiously perusing its cover.

The author has put your seal upon it for you to recognize, and

the house of paper revealing his identity has much to do with the active tenants capability "*to teach.*"

In reading always assume an impersonal attitude. For the moment all authors must appeal to you alike.

You may learn some scientific truth from a light tale of fiction told, or nothing by perusing tomes of Plato or Emmerson.

The ore is there, it is only necessary that you possess the requisite ability to *create* the smelting fire of appropriation.

It is not *what* we read, but *how* we read everything that is important. For "to read" in the truest sense is to discover within one's intellectual consciousness the subtle truth an author has already found for us.

Each book has its personality; the individuality of all learning is *one*.

Therefore, in gathering information from the developments of other men we should read the betrayal of their thoughts in that sympathetic spirit of *oneness* which immediately renders a critical attitude impossible, and engenders our receptivity to the truth to be inculcated.

A critic is his own worst enemy, for an author at the outset worthy of criticism is infinitely superior to any criticism which may be adjudged.

Let the critic first learn that indelible principle of superiority.

That which is false can never be inculcated, but when recognized as false, inevitably leads to a state

of adolescence where truth only is recognizable

A so-called "*bad*" book is of its nature dead—except as we give to it a virility of influence. It is vicious only to one who is blind to its author's original virtue.

It can be truly said that an author has already "spoken" before his work is begun, before the printer is seen or the pages printed.

The material, book, the words and pictures, binding and title, is for the recognition of the eyes alone. The voice behind these symbols has spoken long before they were created, and await to be grasped and handled by our perception alone.

This seems no longer strange when one has learned to read with the inner eye. And not till this

principle is understood do we read with intelligence.

Then fiction is realized to be a demonstration of science—as is all Art.

Then do we read Shakespeare in Plato's philosophy and Browning's creed in Emmerson's rational statements regarding life and its purposes.

A just reflection on this point tends to the development of incisive judgment.

The *mis*-reading of a good book is infinitely more injurious than the true reading of a so-called bad one.

Books and men become worthy and useful to us in direct proportion to our ability to introspectively *create* in them for ourselves and indirectly for all mankind.

The average heart and intellect scanning that psychological study, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, finds therein naught but "a tale of lust, jealousy and murder." (Such judgment is the prostituting of critical perception). But to one who has read the same human story of moral cause and effect in the hearts of his fellowmen as Beethoven read it before the pages of the book were written, there comes a realization of the author's grand normal purpose of purity: his infinite perception of that highest chastity possible to the human society of a divine race.

Let the *soul* of a man speak and the world can ill afford to lose the tenor of his thought.

If when a man speaks to me I get but the letter and symbol of his

suggestive word, I get but little. When I know that he has truly spoken for my best welfare 'though his lips remain sealed, then may I grasp what his will conveys and receive nourishment.

Then do I make the exodus out from the Egypt of my own ignorance to the promised land of his superior insight.

It is the heart of all mankind which speaks to the world through the individual author, that same heart drinks in the knowledge of itself to be gained.

The soul thirsts, and to other souls like unto our own do we look for expiation from our paucity of knowledge.

We speak of "reading" character—man can read no character save his own. The book we read

becomes our own production, and we are alone guilty for its errors and responsible for its influence.

Books and men are not unlike. We attempt to read the one and fail; criticising the other according to our precarious standards we pass unrighteous judgment upon ourselves and cannot escape punishment—the legitimate result of non-acceptance of the law that our neighbors' sin is natively our own.

Every book is a man; every man is a book.

We cast our reflection into each and are responsible for it.

How then shall we read?

First.—Avoid criticism; abstain from it altogether at the start.

If you are thirsting you will find a well spring that meets your need *in every book.*

Second.—Be generous! Give to the author all you can of sincerity of purpose; the author *has* a purpose, try to find it.

Third.—Let not an *appearance* of unworthiness or inferiority obscure some principle of truth that might become an abiding element of help to you.

Our moods are responsible for much. Let us train them to an acceptance of all that is just.

Habit becomes a creator of ideas and it is only right that we habitually become thankful for the ideas of others. An author is human, could we know his sorrows our heart would weep for him. His way has been one of blindness till a ray of light has shone through him for us.

Unto him that hath much, much is given, but from him who hath

little the world taketh that little away.

Books should become sweet-breathed friends to us, and authors angels—it is our fault if they do not.

Endeaver to read in a new spirit and a new spirit will come to you. The spirit which lighteth the eyes "to see" and chaineth the chilling doubt; which fructifies the blade of grass for us as for the poet, making poets of us all; which leaneth upon us lovingly, denoting in us a true nobility, so that he who runs may read our blissful appreciation of God's meaning through the thoughts of men in the one great volume of the world.

All greatness will be ours—if but to attain; the lips now silent through fear of a world's condemna-

tion, will be brought to breathe spontaneous utterances by the sympathy of our own hearts, enhungered for the word not yet spoken through the voices of our inspired fellow-men.

IV

A Word About Genius

Ah ! frappe-toi le cœur, c'est là qu'est le génie.

DE MUSSET.

Le génie est le dieu des âges.

LEBRUN.

IV

A Word About Genius

From time immemorial, great thinkers have voiced their individual opinions regarding this "gift of the gods."

Regardless of each form of expression all great minds have agreed that *genius is the intuitive understanding of truth.*

In the world of greatness—every man is a genius—comparison being the only touchstone regarding quality, and becoming, so far as the individual is concerned, the only process whereby torrefaction can be brought about. But this idea of comparison must be used relatively only.

If genius is an understanding of truth, then even the term itself becomes something other than finite to us, for a finite term or series of finite terms can never wholly express a spiritual idea.

Truth is infinite, therefore, not material (finite), but spiritual. Any idea that expresses truth must logically then be spiritual as well. Whether we treat the *term* genius synthetically or analytically it matters not, for each process of reasoning arrives at the same conclusion.

To the appreciative student of metaphysics there should be no easier term in the whole category to be defined. Our stumbling block is in the fact that we seek a material interpretation of an idea wholly spiritual, founded upon and being the expression of *truth*

through infinite law. We have looked for an understanding and full comprehension of this much abused term by seeking a definition from those whom we recognize as possessing this quality — genius. They, necessarily, of all others, are the least able to give in finite language a satisfactory definition or synonym, for when we define genius we define the recognized interpretation of all that is absolute.

A genius is he who, intuitively realizes his *oneness* with truth, and unconsciously applies that realization to the art in which his soul expresses itself, living in his perceptions and discernments nearest to nature — he lives nearest to nature's source—God.

We commonly and vulgarly use the idea as applying solely to the fine arts and the interpretation of them, when in reality genius is simply an understanding, according to established law (recognizable in all expressions of nature as well as in the activity of man's higher development) of truth. Mathematical truth, if you like, and as art, universal art, is but the fulfilling of law—genius in music, the art of color, sculpture and the infinite varieties of expression is but a nearer insight, an intuitive—therefore, inspirational comprehension of the principles underlying all artistic phenomena.

Beethoven was a genius; not because of the productive faculty of his intellect, but because he understood and partially comprehended

the spiritual law of truth as applied to music.

The products of a genius are, at their birth, absolute.

Plato, Demosthenes, Socrates and Napoleon were men of genius because they first spritually, then intellectually perceived the spiritual law underlying all science and metaphysics.

In our own time the genius of men like Emerson and Tolstoï is always tenable, because their philosophy is but the spontaneous outcome of inspirative thought.

In the life of all prodigy, the same natural, esoteric conditions may be traced if we knowingly apply the principles of truth-development to the activity of the individual mind.

The child Hoffman is a genius !

But do I not hear someone object that the boy is still too young to intellectually understand the universal truth of art he demonstrates?

Yes, *intellectually* he is; *intuitively* he is not.

In the divided meaning of these two words lie the thought and purpose of the subject investigated.

Intellectually we *know* a thing discrepantly. Intuitively we *feel* a thing accurately.

The intuitive faculty (the trait of consciously receiving inspiration) the breathing of *creative* law, the law of all art through us, is no more dependent upon the intellect for sustenance or expression than the intellect is dependent on the physical body.

The term genius has no significance pertaining to the material or transitory. The intellect, scientifically speaking, is material perception, but the faculty which perceives truth is behind the intellect, and recognizes its inspiration as sufficient because of being in itself of the same quality as truth.

The scientific world recognizes all manifested creation as the effect of a hidden cause.

He is a genius who by awakened intuition (not intellectually) realizes that cause to be the life substance of his creative forces, and demonstrates that realization in the art which externalizes the obscure thought.

From this standpoint our gaze is forever able to separate the false from the true.

Within, controversy ceases—the without becomes a picture, a song or a word beautiful to all mankind.

Were genius an intellectual understanding then could I receive it from one possessing it—once having it I could impart it to him seeking it, as the science of numbers may be grasped by him who will study the laws of mathematics.

The voice is *within* and will live of itself in whatever art the soul expresses its existence.

Could the rose be possessed of consciousness but for a moment it would find itself a genius, and proclaim to the stars of farthest space its life in the law of truth and harmony.

He is no genius who looks toward intellectual development for

the expression of beauty within himself.

The five senses can never teach a lesson the human soul must learn from itself.

A lady stood beside an artist engaged in painting a dead-gray wall.

Upon his palette were all the primary colors—separated; on his canvas these colors were blended.

Looking over his shoulder the lady exclaimed: "My friend, you are not painting that wall true to nature—it is black and white: gray, not red, yellow and green."

"Madam," said the artist, looking up with a smile, "is it possible you cannot see all the colors of the rainbow in that dead-gray wall?"

"To be sure I cannot," she replied.

"*Were your eyes open you could*," he answered, and continued his work. He had spoken from a standpoint of genius.

The artist saw with the spiritual eye that which the physical sense denied.

Genius has its characteristics and is marked by an underflow of practicability. Being allied to the nature of truth, its attributes at once develop keen perception, discernment of true principles in minute things, and an almost supernatural keenness regarding the fixed laws of classic interpretation.

To most of us, however, the gentler side of ability appeals—the genius element which expresses itself in the tender touch, the kindly eye and assuring voice. For the

truly great are not less so in the genial advancement of all that is lovable and harmonious.

The true artist can give us infinitely more, worthy to keep, by the silent harmonious *thought* he holds, inspired by the Supreme Voice, than by the uttered word, written page, or painted canvas. We are all keenly susceptible to *thought* and the genius is forever teaching us in the silence of intangible dreamland the rare and royal beauties of the world unseen.

V

The Fetish of Passion

Then of the Thee in Me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard
As from Without—The Me within Thee blind!

"Rubáiyát"—OMAR KHAYYÁM.

V

The Fetish of Passion

The law of life and of all growth is the principle of sequence. The infant reincarnate in the child; the child and youth absorbed into the man demonstrate this truth. Wherever *life* is found, we find as well, pregnant *in* life, the germ awaiting fuller development. Activity marks the growth from seed life through the entire process to fruit production. This activity strengthens with growth, as the work progresses, and becomes an *atmosphere* surrounding that which *is*. This atmosphere is, of itself, necessary, acceptable, though never

actual, but ever receding and non-communicative.

Every man finds his existence surrounded by certain elements, seemingly superior to himself, to his aspirations, to his conceptions even of self; an atmosphere of elements unfamiliar, yet indestructible. If his nature be clean he is at first little annoyed by the contradiction of these elements, but seeks to harmonize the whole in a sort of spontaneous bringing together of all that he finds indispensable. His emotions, desires, dreams and speculations may fail to convince him of his just merits and inevitable deserts, but this spiritual ether surrounding his every act is fraught with strongest conviction.

This spiritual atmosphere, this receding, yet ever influential ele-

ment of something most vague and hidden, has its representative in the mental and physical organization.

The name of this representative is PASSION. It stands in the outer world of effects, as marriage stands the representative of wedlock.

It is the outer touch to man's consciousness that brings an acceptance of his spiritual and physical needs.

It plays upon the nerves and telegraphs his assured necessities.

It is a power in league with nature, in fact is an attribute of nature, becoming a channel through which the riches of nature flow. Bountiful is that store of favor found to be when the door is unlocked and the massive stone rolled from the sepulchre.

It is necessary that we learn the true influence of *all* things. Carnal passion is as essential to me on its representative plane, as divine or human love, for there is a divinity in one no less than in the other.

It is according to the degree of my understanding that I gather good or evil fruit from qualities natural to my being.

All that is *natural* to me is positive. Negation alone comes through my lack of rightful acceptance.

Single out a man of passive temperament and unequal force, and you have an individual spiritually asleep—apart from his fellowmen, devoid of those higher qualifications of usefulness and pleasure.

An adequate cause throbs in every heart-beat and mental impulse.

We see men under the sway of some emotional inducement and forget the source of those emotions deep in the well-spring of the heart.

Passion has been spoken of as a consuming flame; this statement appeals to me as false. It is rather a *creative* fire—a crucible, which, by a process of combustion, frees the pure spirit from its own incarceration. Passion is a symbol. We cannot escape this fact for it is a symbol of purity.

True love, on either the animal or spiritual plane, has its representative in passion.

The virgin, conscious of a spiritual gestation must needs feel the thrill of blood and warmth in the touch and caress of one ordained.

Man *must* express externally the inward product of his being—of that creative principle—to love.

The man who loves not—lives not. He who loves not and holds not unto himself his passion, dwells in the blackest night of Egyptian darkness as regards the active purpose within his own soul.

I have made and hold ever before me a graven Fetish of Desire, as a heathen makes and vests his idol with supernatural powers, for the representative ministers to me according to my state of understanding—limitation alone being superstition and heathenism.

I would hold no hideous thing up to your vision—nor do I desire to advance a thought inconsistent with the healthful law of virtue and beauty. On the contrary I would

make demands upon you to perceive all beauty as the one desirable passion to be enjoyed by all.

Sex is an expression of selfishness. Passion, when rightly understood, is found to be as sexless as Ideality. Happiness is the destiny of all our hopes—let us lay hold upon those pleasures of the wayside which most truly respond to our yearnings.

The soul's regeneration must come through the outgrowing of one phase of pleasure, till, looking upward for the next, we find a ladder under our feet, reaching into the sky, free from and above all disappointment and sorrow.

The physical sense is made keenly alive by the influence of beauty of its own kind: proportion. It is right that the touch of a

soft hand, the love-lit glance of eyes, should act as agents to warm my blood and vivify desire. He who would escape is a coward.

I need have no fear of my passion, it is for my use, enlargement, and will grow delectable. 'Tis for me to render it holy and sanctified by my touch. The flesh and blood of my representative being have their right to know the pleasures of legitimate sensuality, as divine a right as has my mind to grasp the intellectual sweets of knowledge.

Let *all* my faculties be free and untrammeled by no misunderstanding of their predestined worth, and there will be little need to admonish me as to a course lacking desirable virtue.

My love will seek to the uttermost—itself and its objective life in

direct contradiction to all established precedence, precept or *ism*.

It is the spirit which, left to its own capacity, will harmonize and restore each attribute of my being, even to the final sense of pleasure. Man should be satisfied with, and depend upon the testimony of his better self.

He will never doubt, who has once been lost in that embrace where lip meets lip, and unseen forces, more mighty than the morality of saints, holds in the thralldom of a sacred charm, where fear, shame, turmoil, pain and sorrow are supplanted by a thousand deified emotions the soul has never known before, when the very essence of one's spiritual being seems to rise up and make itself known, for the soul has had its way even to the

last thrill of gratification and the Eternal Law of Being has been accepted and acted upon as the one undying voice 'twixt God and Man.

Such is the righteous result of passion. Infinitely unlike the bond of marriage the world has sanctioned as the threshold of wedded life. Only when soul grasps soul as its right and native own, when flesh responds and seeks its own flesh—though a whole universe of man-made creeds and limitations should cry "Nay"—is there a true wedding upon earth.

Before such passion enlightened man should bow, bending the knee in deepest reverence, gazing upon the splendent flower, blooming into life, as the crowning glory of that love God has planted in the human breast.

Then the unhallowed result, all men in sympathy with nature dread, will be destroyed by the fulfilling of legitimate desire; the heart will seek only that which is for itself, good and complete. Choice becomes normal and positive, result: *spiritual* gratification on a plane infinitely above physical realism, which now absorbs the vitality of social experience.

Let the light shine from within, radiating fully to the external limits of sense, and night will be made bright for all humanity, in the rays of PASSION — driving us onward from the imperfect now into the glorious day of future ecstasy.

VI

FRIENDS

"Love me—abide with me—be my friend!"

Thou learnest no secret until thou knowest friendship, since to the unsound no heavenly knowledge enters.

HAFIZ.

We inspire friendship in men when we have contracted friendship with the gods.

THOREAU.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!"

VI

Friends

Some things in life are touched by a divine sacredness !

Oh ! disciple of the heart's affection, how great has been your yearning before entering into the way of these things.

You have wept. Disappointment and an agony of shame were with you alway. Life held all—the magical gift to transform desire, to reconcile all, yet the perfume, the gem and song were without pungency, glisten or soul. Void were the charms prospection offered, for you labored where reward came not. And what is the reward we claim ? Let it be, just God, to every heart

the recompense of that heart's yearnings!

The beauty of fellowship put you to confusion when you contemplated the nakedness of man. Your desire to love and to be loved caused a dubious relation 'twixt your soul and the world, yet were you conscious of an earnest purpose, friendly, sincere, stronger than the ever-present fear of the ridicule and condemnation of your fellow-men.

Your heart sought a newer path, untrod—of license, free-will and lawlessness, where the will gives birth to its own fancies and the heart lays hold upon its own, being satisfied.

Men echoed the same desires—but their utterances were contradictory, their acts insincere.

While meeting this limitation in your fellow-men your heart realized its own desires to be eternal. The eternal and divine wish—the everlasting affection (indestructible as the essence of our being), from which there can be no escape save through that pseudo-possible channel—annihilation. For long your heart whispered a gospel to itself, and this gospel was the only ameliorating antidote to your sense of shame. He who has once looked into the loving mystery of his own soul, has gained the key to all hearts, to all love, to all passion.

There is a leading in these things and the spirit is quickened. Love only is the unconquerable master. Precept may establish a code of righteousness; morality may cover the human face with a

mask of holy living, but only Immortal Love and its attributes of abandonment and abnegation can make life true living, and lead to the truest consciousness of self-respect.

Men may seek throughout all Christendom for the Voice of God, the human ear can alone hear it in the cry of the human heart.

The soul will have its way.

Turn as we will from the passions of flesh, the flesh and life thrust upon us their demands and will not be gainsaid, for there is but one world of action wherein the spirit clingeth to its own righteous observance—it is the world of the spirit's nativity.

In the eyes of men my desires and my acts may seem dissolute—even base, but my being recognizes for itself the sum total of its purity.

If in its cry to heaven for help it finds responsive succor in the voice, the touch, the magnetism of a human soul, must man needs rob it of what seemeth unto itself GOOD?

It is because the soul takes life and restores life that we have friends. But he is not my friend whom I lightly pass in the street with a conventional salutation, or who eateth at my table and thanks me for the courtesy of hospitality, or who favors me to-day and to-morrow wearies, or who smiles as we converse yet holds his thought from me, fearful that I may know him as he is, perhaps judge, condemn. He is not my friend in whose presence I am afraid, though he walk, and sleep by my side—for in friendship there can be no fear, neither sin, nor any fault. 'Tis a

land where glimpses of Paradise are ours ; where baser metal is transformed from lust to love.

There is a union of soul to soul unknown to the other life of sex, unknown to any judgment, to any other life, to any mortal sense of law.

Innermost lies the circle of another existence—hidden from the world of sight and sound ; wherein some few are drawn by the reflection of our nature in its untrammeled innocence.

These few will prove their fellowship proportionally with our magnanimity of appreciation. We love our friends as we love God, fully, loyally or with a mean spirit. Forgetting that we are lawfully made we fail to consider with adequate seriousness the divine *neces-*

sity with which demands are made upon our affection.

I would carry my friend within me as my eyes carry the sunlight. His person becomes a holy temple and it is mine house. I may touch it as a part of myself. His thoughts are mine, an attribute of my being capable of nourishing, comforting and sustaining the rest.

I dare not escape from him because of spiritual and physical need.

He is my friend who stands beside me in the open way; who longs to meet the aspiration of me, seeking to bring me peace.

He who forgets the doubt of appearances, and renders me unto himself just. He who finds my affection his necessity—to whom he may breathe his latest fault, con-

fessing his troubled spirit. He is my friend who walketh, talketh, sineth, liveth, dieth with me because the love which passeth the love of women brings into life the hidden God in each. He who by my side seeketh the heart of a forest, under the singing shade, there to lie down in that communion where the world may not enter in.

He who with me sees a life eternal in the flower and fruit of an earthly Eden. He who lieth by my side in the tranquil night, silently dreaming of what together we may desire and attain—of ambition and position in the world of men. He who ere the morning breaks kisseth me with the crowning kiss of supreme good-will—sympathetic, incomparably sincere —bringing the happiness and love

of fellowship ; the blissful attraction of friend to friend, urging him to seek his God by my side, finding in me a highway. And I have known such.

Falsity in friendship ! There is none, though my friend hides, a fugitive of the law, under my protection. He who deceiveth himself deceiveth me.

"*Les hommes ne sont justes qu'envers ceux qu'ils aiment.*"

The law, subtle and comprehensive, may not be hidden. Its outcome, the *assumption* of friendship always, whether we believe the newcomer a worthy candidate for our affection or not.

Our natural existence has grown too selfish and carnal ; life strives to free itself from nature's enthrallment, consequently the soul struggles in an unrecognized phi-

losophy—emotional, magnanimous, yet failing absolutely to allow us that spontaneity in dealing with each other necessary to the establishing of social law. Our instincts confer upon our acts the assurance of veracity.

In breathing forth the lovable spirit let us claim the objective friend where the spirit falls—as did the love of David for Jonathan, Damon for Pythias, Nisus for Euryalus, Achillis for Patroclos, and that of Socrates for Alcibiades.

Therein dwelleth the love that loveth "as one's own soul," and externalizes in all impulsive deeds of kindness as well as in the thrilling pleasures of sense and mind.

When one heart longeth for another the world is overcome, and man becomes a neophyte to the

regulation of his true nature; prescient visions delectable, august.

He is awake, his soul may seek and recognize its God. The magnetic currents of the whole organism develop a new expression. Friendship and love, platonic in essence, heroic in meaning put forth in the physical some moral act — the legitimate redolence of a divine germ planted in life.

The ethics of social culture have done little to enlighten us. We "thinketh no evil" when growth alone brings the understanding thereof, and we mark how little is the span of human thought 'twixt heaven and earth.

I will not fear the man I love, though he be false in sentiment and purpose, even if he robs my purse, slings arrows at my reputa-

tion when my face is turned, caressing me with a Judas kiss, using me for his own ends and knowing no sympathy for the yearnings of my better self—for what I have, is his, what I am, encompasseth him, my love is greater than his hate, my gain but marks the inconceivability of his loss.

His eyes may hesitate in shame to meet my own, yet do I see him as he knoweth not himself; he will one day yearn for just that which I have given, restore to me all he in selfishness dared to keep, and hear with the inner ear each unkind word spoken by his once deceitful tongue. If I love him I am his master, he my slave. And why? 'Tis the *one* embrace has taught me his intrinsic worth, and his heart responding, but sought in me his latest need.

Thus must I ever thank heaven for my friends, they representing to the consciousness of all my parts why the starlit sky is to the earth a winning presence, why the song of birds at night steals tranquilly over the bosom of the forest.

That love which creepeth unseen into *every* bosom, into the home, by the fireside; on the battle-field, where fidelity to comrades outshines the love and glory of country; when ever association claims divinity, even where the pathway leads grave-ward, there may I lie down at rest sustained by that deified symbol of a Divine Friendship which tires not, and no more passeth away forever.

VII

Ode to Walt Whitman

Now hail to thee, Walt Whitman! poet, friend,
Whose voice would lift thy fellows from the blown,
Dead ashes of the Rose to stars, which tend
Toward thoughts in recompense and holy; flown
From out the spirit which the Heavens do lend.
Thou monarch true, in realms where God ordains,
Thy vision vast, thy purest thoughts do dream
The thousand loves man from his God retains,
And Freedom (in one God) may come in gleams
To him who listens as thy muse proclaims.

So of that Rose, its bleeding petal lies
Strewn on the grass, to wither into dust;
For where love is there lurks Death 'neath the skies,
And we decry in tears the moth, the rust,
Forgetful of the joys thy muse replies.
Oh! poet, friend, through thee the Hope is given
That all we know of slaveship, chaos, sin,
Will vanish into nothingness, deep riv'n,
When men the freer life of love begin,
And man stands, through the Law of Life, forgiv'n.

VIII

To Omar

I'd learn of thee, sweet Omar, in the glade
Of summer's eve, when shines thy Native Star,
To worship at that shrine which beams afar,
And hearken to that Voice: "*Be not afraid!*"
For sweet the breath of Heav'n steals 'neath the shade,
Where not a voice of earth the peace doth mar,
All pain burns out; my soul forgets its scar;
Aspires to God, Who never man betrayed.
While from the Orient breathes the whispered Past,
O'er urns of death and graves of human mould,
And ages of dead thoughts grown sere and cold—
Thou whisperest still to man: "*Our souls shall last!*"
In One Embrace the Day and Night enfold,
All life and love become a city vast,
'Tho blind, we see its hills and towers of gold.
Thus hath thy Spirit lent the ages peace,
No night can hide, no garish day destroy,
Nor fear, nor hate impregnate their alloy.
A little while the sorrow shall surcease,
Till on our tomb Spring's fairest blossoms fall,
As doth thy Spirit on our spirit's pall.

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